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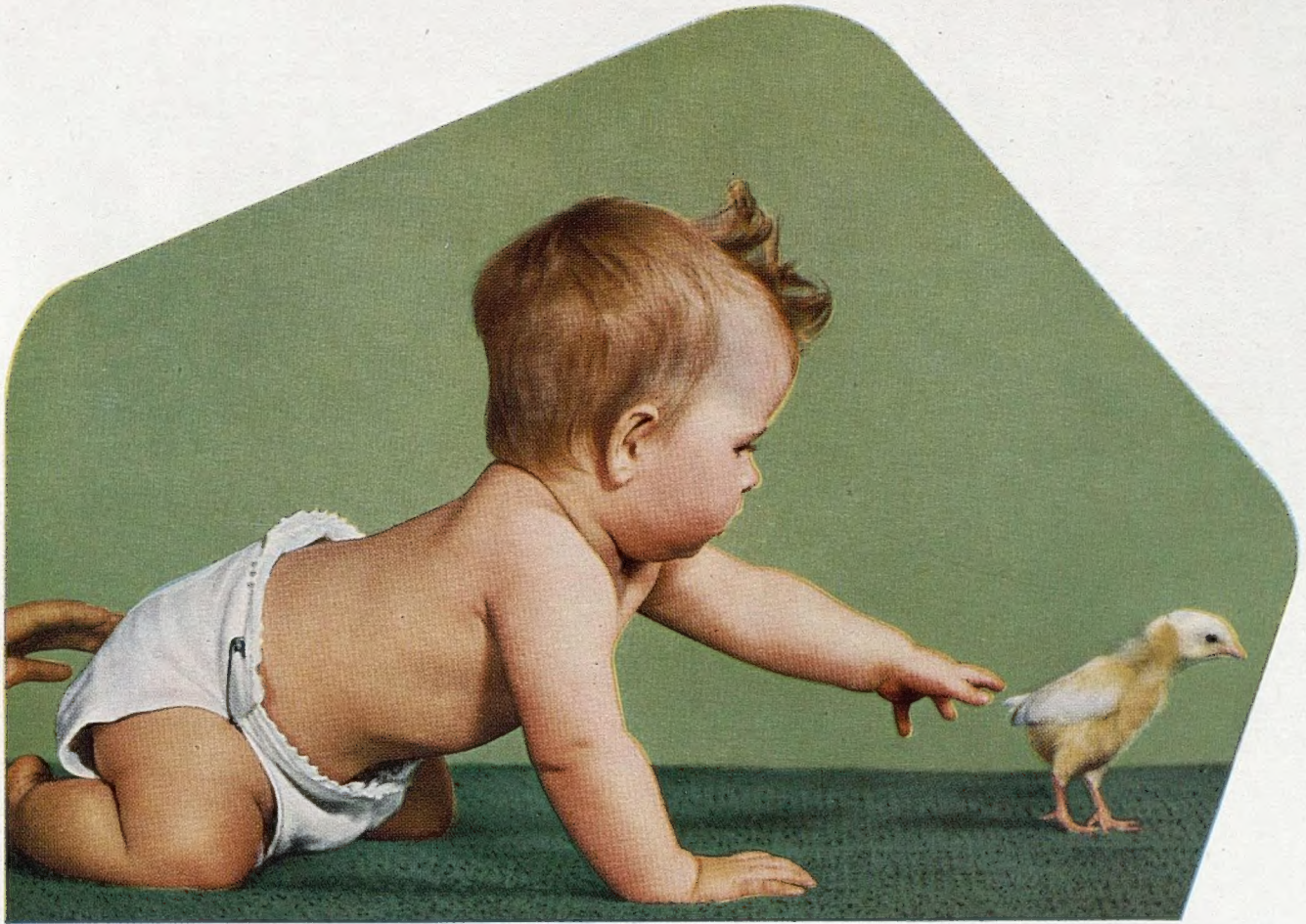
TATLER

& BYSTANDER



LADY ZINNIA
DENISON

JAN. 9, 1957
TWO SHILLINGS



Which came first....?

Baby is not in the least bit interested in the classical example of indecision—which came first, the chicken or the egg! She knows nothing of the egg, but she can see the chicken. Although mothers may not give a thought to the vast amount of scientific research and painstaking testing

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LADY ZINNIA DENISON is the daughter of the fourth Earl of Londesborough, who died in the year she was born, and of the Countess of Londesborough, of Ashwell Hill, Oakham, Rutland, and of Brompton Square. Lady Zinnia was a débutante in 1955 and both her mother and her aunt, the late Marchioness of Carisbrooke, entertained for her. She is a keen horsewoman and hunts regularly. Cover photograph by Yevonde

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 9 to January 16

Jan. 9 (Wed.) Princess Alexandra will be present at *Puss In Boots* at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, in aid of the Junior Red Cross.

Cotswold Children's Hunt Ball at Rossley Manor.

Steeplechasing at Hurst Park.

Jan. 10 (Thur.) National Exhibition of Cage Birds and Aquaria (to 12th), Olympia, London.

Pastel Society Exhibition (to 30th), Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly (Private view).

The Pineapple Ball at Grosvenor House.

Steeplechasing at Hurst Park.

Jan. 11 (Fri.) Folk Dance Festival (two days), Royal Albert Hall.

Hunt Balls: The Portman at Bryanston School, Blandford Forum; The Crawley and Horsham at Buchan Hill, Crawley; The Berkeley at Berkeley Castle.

The Hon. Mrs. Constantine-Smith's annual ball in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. at the Midland Hotel, Manchester.

Steeplechasing at Newbury and Haydock Park.



Newbury, Haydock Park, Catterick Bridge, and Warwick.

Jan. 13 (Sun.).

Jan. 14 (Mon.) Steeplechasing at Birmingham.

Jan. 15 (Tues.) Squash racquets: England v. South Africa (Edgbaston L.T.C.).

Cambridge Lent Term begins.

Steeplechasing at Birmingham.

Jan. 16 (Wed.) Steeplechasing at Lingfield Park.

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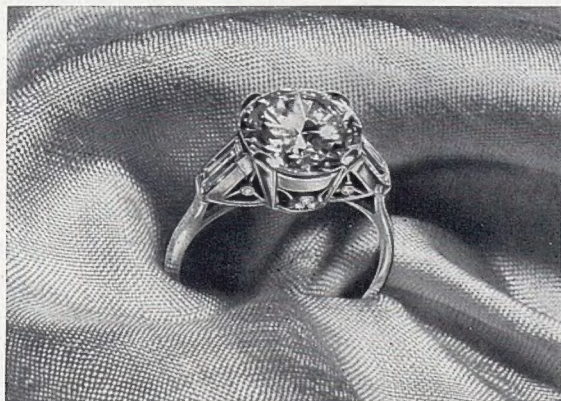
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ENGAGEMENT RINGS

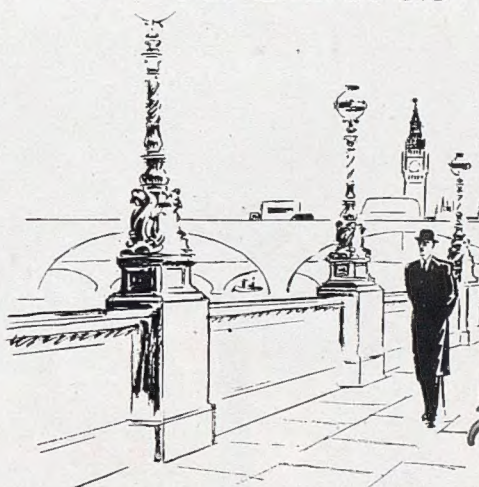


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 Press this bell. We are calling on
 the Princess Vittorio Massimo.
 Young and beautiful,
 quick as a dragonfly.
 Now you shall see why Chaplin
 has captured her
 for his *King in New York* . . .



Good evening. Are we early?

*You're late-ish, you know. But so was I.
 Come in and celebrate.*

With ? . . .

*Oh please, anything you like ! I shall
 choose Martini. And not such a
 very small glass, either.*

Straight Martini ? Perfect !

*Now I'm beginning to take to you.
 Sweet ? With ice ? Good. You know, that's
 how we serve it in Italy . . .*

We ?

*Of course ! In Rome . . . when I'm feeling
 more Irish than usual. In America . . . when
 I'm feeling Italian. In England . . . when
 I'm feeling tired after a long day at the
 studio. It's unfailing. Who shall we drink to?*

To a certain Princess in Belgravia . . .
 in a cool, golden Martini
 à la Dawn Addams !



Better drink

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry





Tom Blau

Prince William goes for a ride

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER is seen with his elder son Prince William in the forecourt of Barnwell Manor, the Gloucesters' delightful country house in Northamptonshire. Prince William celebrated his fifteenth birthday last

month, and is at present at Eton. The Prince is a keen horseman and has a brisk ride every morning when he is at home; in this photograph he is seen mounted on his four-year-old pony, Nicky. Prince William is fifth in line of succession to the Throne



AN EXCITING DAY WITH THE WARWICKSHIRE

A LARGE FIELD of the Warwickshire Hunt met at Honington Hall for what turned out to be a fine day's sport. Interest began immediately, for the Hunt drew at once after leaving the Hall. Above: hounds are seen making their way towards Halford village, near Shipston-on-Stour



Mrs. Geoffrey Lewis and Mrs. Pauline Hancock discuss the day's prospects



Sir Evelyn Broughton, Bt., Mrs. Peter Kenyon and Mr. Derek Crosthwaite



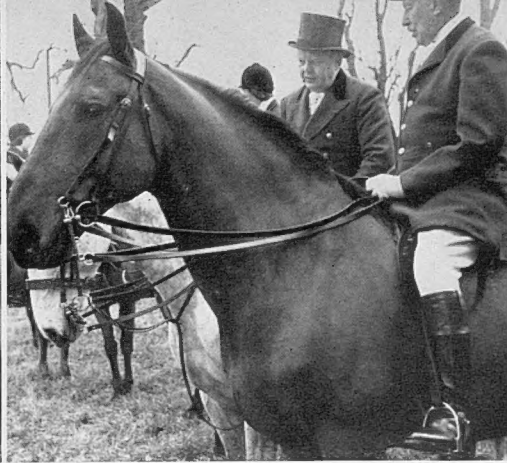
Mrs. M. A. Dunne, Lord Patrick Beresford and Miss Henrietta Crawley



Major and Mrs. J. A. F. Binny were early arrivals



Mrs. M. Mills, a well-known member of the Warwickshire



Mr. Geoffrey Lewis and Major T. Bouch await the move off



Mr. Richard Waite was accompanying Mrs. A. G. Dennison



Miss Jane Dalzell and Miss Vanessa Nicholl were at the meet



Capt. C. Toller, Miss Stirling and Miss J. Smith-Bingham



Sir Charles Wiggin, Bt., owner of Honington Hall, chatting to Major Philip Profumo, a joint-Master



Mr. Adrian Beecham and Miss Phoebe Alexander were others of the field of nearly sixty riders assembled

Van Hallan

MISS CAMILLA CRAWLEY WEDDED

THE MARRIAGE took place recently of Capt. Charles William David Worthington, Royal Horse Guards, son of the late Mr. Greville and Lady Diana Worthington, and Miss Camilla Crawley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley, of Little Dene, Lewes, Sussex. The service, conducted by the Bishop of Lewes and the Rev. D. B. Harris, was at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; and the Duke of Kent was present



Tony Armstrong-Jones

Social Journal

Jennifer

LAST DANCE WAS THE GAYEST

CIRCLES of berried holly with large red candles in the centre were arranged on top of all the seven-foot pillars in the entrance hall to Claridge's ball room. Inside, Christmas trees lit with fairy lights were set out around the room for the last débutante dance of the 1956 season, a few days before Christmas. This was a joint dance given by Lady Anderson and Mrs. Cyril Kleinwort for their daughters Jennifer Anderson and Charlotte Kleinwort. Sir Donald Anderson and Mr. Kleinwort stood with their wives and daughters receiving the guests. Both girls looked most attractive, Jennifer in a very pretty bright pink dress with a tiered skirt, and Charlotte in a young girl's dream dress, in white, with a crystal and sequin embroidered bodice and very full tulle skirt.

Perhaps it was because it was the last dance of the season, and no one wanted to waste a moment of the evening, that I have never seen a dance get going with such a swing so quickly as this one; and from those who stayed until the end I hear it finished in the early hours of the morning on the same very gay and happy note. The Duke of Kent, who had dined with his joint-hostesses in a big dinner party of young guests, I saw dancing with Miss Mary-Anne Hare, who looked very pretty in red. Lady Anne Nevill, wearing an ermine-trimmed sea-blue velvet dress, was dancing with Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville and many, like myself, did not recognize her at first with

her hair swept up on top of her head in the true Edwardian style, which suits her admirably!

Other young people I saw enjoying this very good dance were the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, who has the admirable gift of always appearing happy and cheerful, Earl Bathurst, Miss Gay Lowson in the lovely mimosa-sprigged tulle dress that she wore at her own coming-out dance at Claridge's last summer, Miss June Ducas, who is not only very attractive but must surely be acclaimed as the best groomed and most soignée débutante of 1956, Mr. John Adams, Lady Clarissa Duncombe and the Hon. Susan Lever—such a gay and happy little person, who is the first of the 1956 débutantes to announce her engagement; she plans to be married next summer.

OTHER 1956 débutantes present included Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, in a lovely short white lace dress, Miss Victoria Cannon, the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, attractive in crimson velvet, the Baroness Darcy de Knayth, Miss Elizabeth Thierry-Mieg, Miss Angela Courage, Miss Tessa Head, Miss Sally Hambro (one of the prettiest of last season's débutantes), and Lady Mary Maitland, another pretty and very charming girl. Miss Sarah Oldfield, Miss Clare and Miss Anne Cobbold, a most attractive pair of twins, Miss Anne Louise Stockdale, Miss Christine Fairfax-Ross in black tulle over pink

Miss Elaine de Miramon, and Miss Zandra Seely, Miss Deirdre Senior, a petite, attractive and beautifully mannered débutante of next season, was also there.

The young men, besides those I have already mentioned, included Mr. Barry Maxwell, Mr. Peregrine Bertie, Mr. David Morgan Jones, who is at Sandhurst, Mr. Peter Stormonth-Darling who is shortly off to Canada, Mr. John Armitage, Mr. P. H. Snagge who is up at Christ Church, the Earl of Brecknock, Mr. Julian Benson, the Earl of Suffolk, Mr. Alan Heber Percy, Mr. Jeremy Pinckney, Mr. Torquil Norman and Mr. Ian Cameron.

As at Mrs. Derek Schreiber's dance the previous week, a room beyond the supper room had a small dance floor laid, and was made to resemble a night club—this time a very seasonable one, with Christmas décor and gay red-and-white cloths on the little tables round the room. Like the décor in the entrance hall and ballroom, this had all been done by Mrs. Hindley-Smith of Pennywise. Among the older guests I met at this very enjoyable dance, many of whom gave dinner parties, were Viscountess Maitland, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Gibbs, who were having supper with Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, who had a dinner party of ten, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman who brought another big party, Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lowson, Lady Anderson's brothers, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Col. Harry and the Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn, and Major Rhyddian and Lady Honor Llewellyn, with their sister Mrs. Frank Byers and her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Byers, who had come over from their home in Northern Ireland for the dance, were with their children going on a few days later for a winter sports holiday in Villars.

One member of the Llewellyn family we all missed was Lady Anderson's mother, Lady Llewellyn, who had hoped to be at Jennifer's dance, but alas a bad attack of sciatica, which has restricted her activities since last September, prevented her from being present.

★ ★ ★

FROM now on the girls who came out in 1956 cease to be débutantes. The younger ones—the 1957 débutantes—are already making their appearance, and plans are going ahead for their season.

While on the subject of a débutantes' season, I hope that the mothers of 1958 débutantes will not lose their heads quite so entirely as a few of this year's (1957) mothers have done—it has staggered me to hear them arranging mothers' luncheon parties since last September! One 1957 mother was heard to say, with great triumph, at a party in December, "I have already attended nineteen mothers' lunches." It seems to me quite ridiculous that some women should waste their own

[Continued overleaf]



Desmond O'Neill

Two hundred children together with over a hundred grown-ups enjoyed a party at the Admiralty in aid of the Queen Elizabeth Training College for the Disabled. Above: Julian Allason and Arabella Churchill meet the clowns

James Beckwith-Smith and the Hon. Diana Holland-Hibbert



Camilla Samuel and her mother Lady Bearsted



Piers Harris is pushed down the slide by his godmother, Lady Kilmarnock (right)



Fiona McGowan with Lady Clarissa Duncombe



Miss Clare Cobbold and Caroline Loyd at the party



Miss June Ducas with Mark Allan, Victoria and Anthony Warrender, and M. Mackintosh

time and that of their friends like this. It has never before got to this farcical pitch.

The London Season does not officially open until the beginning of May each year, even granting that the débutante functions start a little sooner nowadays, on account of the Buckingham Palace Presentation parties being earlier than in prewar years. These occasions have kindly been arranged by H.M. the Queen as late as April 3 and 4 this year, and débutante cocktail parties and dances do not start until that week. To all sensible people it seems that once you have fixed the date of your dance (if you are giving one) three months' preparation for the season should be ample, and the Mothers' Meetings so beloved by some, who join in year after year, surely need not begin until the New Year.

★ ★ ★

LONDON is certainly fortunate in having two wonderful circuses Leach Christmas holiday. A few days after the opening of the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia (about which I wrote last week), I went to Harringay for the opening of Tom Arnold's Harringay Festival Circus. This gala performance was very kindly given in aid of the Animal Health Trust, which does a lot to provide health and happiness for animals. The Duke of Norfolk is President of the Trust, but could not be present at the Gala. However, I saw the Duke of Devonshire, who is honorary treasurer, on his way to his seat, with Lord Stamp, who is a member of the Council of Management. Lady Stamp joined them a little later.

The circus is another brilliant production, with acts collected from about twenty nations. Among these are Karah-Khavak, who shows a unique and original turn with live crocodiles, the young French trainer Philippe Gruss with his leopards and panthers, and Billy Smart with his performing camels. There are several clever acrobats and trapeze artists, including that brilliant trio the Flying Contis.

★ ★ ★

THE reception rooms of Admiralty House made an admirable setting for a children's party which Viscountess Hailsham, the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken, the Hon. Mrs. William McGowan and her elder daughter the Hon. Mrs. Richard Wood, Lady Joan Gore Langton and Mrs. Jack Thursby all helped to make a big success. It was arranged to raise funds for the Queen Elizabeth's Training College for the Disabled. Perhaps the greatest credit of all should go to Miss Georgie Bulteel, the Honorary Organizer, who as always was most efficient and worked indefatigably arranging it all. I met this charming personality taking her little auburn-haired niece Susan around the sideshows at the party. These included two lucky dips, where June Ducas and the twins Clare and Anne Cobbold were officiating, a hoop-la where Mrs. Aitken was working hard, a bubble ball table which Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kidston were running, a tombola where the Hon. Richard Wood and his wife were doing a brisk business, and numerous other stalls. There was a cinema show for the children after tea, and clowns and a wonderful man on stilts who mingled with the youthful guests, shaking hands and making them laugh, while several raffles were drawn at the end of the afternoon by Countess Mountbatten of Burma.

Among parents and children I met Lord and Lady Bruntisfield, who had brought a large party including their young son and daughter,

Anthony and Victoria, and had a busy time trying to keep them together. I saw little Arabella Churchill laughing merrily with a group of young friends, also Patrick Chauvel, grandson of the French Ambassador, Fiona McGowan in a very pretty party dress, Mark Havelock-Allen who came with his mother Mrs. Jack Profumo, and James Beckwith-Smith. Mr. and Mrs. David Wilkinson were there with their young son and daughter, and I met the Hon. Mrs. Julian Berry and her daughter Caroline, Mrs. Timothy Koch de Gooreynd and her little daughter Stella, Mrs. Aitken's young family and numerous other small friends who were thoroughly enjoying the party.

★ ★ ★

I WENT down to Hertfordshire for the marriage of Mr. Gerald Dennis and Miss Dione Sellar, which took place at St. Andrew's Church, Much Hadham. The little country church, which was quite full with friends and relatives, some of whom had travelled from as far as Scotland, was decorated with large vases of yellow chrysanthemums and yellow roses. The ceremony was conducted by the Rt. Rev. Michael Gresford-Jones, Bishop of St. Albans, assisted by the Rev. Michael Pumphrey, and Mr. Mark Pasteur was the organist.

The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very sweet wearing a white lace dress with a full skirt over white organza with white bows at the back, her tulle veil being held in place by a circlet of white flowers. Her eleven bridesmaids wore dark blue velvet tops with blue silk organza skirts finished, like the bride's skirt, with little bows at the back. The four child bridesmaids had lighter blue skirts, and they all wore headdresses of yellow freesias and carried bouquets of the same flowers. They were the bride's sister, Miss Kirsty Sellar, the bridegroom's sister, Miss Caroline Dennis, Miss Patricia Norman, Miss Penelope Norman, Miss Virginia Norman and Miss Priscilla Cubitt. Also Selina, Christina and Isabel Norman, and Jane Ingham.

A RECEPTION was held at Moor Place, lovely home of the bride's grandfather, Mr. Ronald Norman; here her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Sellar—the latter wearing a fine blue Paisley dress with a Mediterranean-blue and green hat—received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Dennis, Mrs. Dennis wearing a gay cherry-red hat with a steel-grey dress. Among the many relations at the wedding were Mr. Mark Norman and his American-born wife Toby who looked charming in a dark brown brocade dress, with a black hat and mink stole. With their family they did magnificent work in organization and laying out the presents; they live at Moor Place with his father. Also Brig. Hugh and Mrs. Norman (the latter is Canadian born), Mr. and Mrs. Richard Norman, Mrs. Fradgley, Col. and Mrs. Ronald Dawnay and that outstandingly good-looking couple, Mr. and Mrs. Alistair Balfour and their young son Robert, who had all come down from their home in Roxburghshire.

The bridegroom's aunt, Mrs. Roger Ingham, very good-looking in blue, and her husband, who is High Sheriff of the West Riding of Yorkshire, had come down from their home at Ripon with their schoolboy son Philip and their daughter Jane, who was one of the child bridesmaids. The bride's great-aunts, Mrs. Frederick Balfour and Lady Norman (widow of the late Lord Norman) were both there, also her god-parents Baroness de Robeck, from Kildare, Mrs. Paul Bridgeman and Mr. Charles Frazer.

Among others at this very happy wedding were Mr. and Mrs.



The Christmas Ball was held at the Dorchester Hotel in aid of the Parliamentary Association for World Government. Above: Miss April Brunner in company with Mr. J. Brackley



Mr. Alastair Service was talking to Miss Louisa Hemming



Princess de Sas Kouris dancing with Mr. Norman Cosgrave

A. V. Swaeb



Miss Gaynor Tregoning, Miss Victoria Cannon and
Miss Mary Hays

Richard Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Colin St. Helier Pell, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Hickley and her sister, Mrs. A. J. Fox, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys wearing a blue velvet hat with her black coat, Capt. and Mrs. Charlie Barclay, Mr. Alfred Gosling and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gosling, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson, Lady Blackett, Mrs. Stewart-Brown and Mrs. Kemp-Welch and her daughter Penelope. I also saw Miss Clemency Hoare and her fiancé, the Hon. Roger Cunliffe, the Hon. David and Mrs. Wodehouse, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Butler Adams, Mrs. Frank Pawle, Mr. and Mrs. John Redmayne, Mr. and Mrs. R. Colvin, Mrs. Richard Hanbury and her daughters Penelope and Lucinda, Mr. Neil Henderson, Mr. Anthony Oakshott who was best man, and Mr. Ronnie Norman, late President of "Pop," Mr. Bryan Norman, also in "Pop," Mr. Robin Cubitt, Mr. Ian Henderson, Mr. Bruce Whineray and Mr. David Alsopp, who were among the very efficient ushers in the church.

THE bride's grandfather, Mr. Ronald Norman, who is eighty-three years old and a great personality, proposed the health of his granddaughter and her husband with one of the most charming and witty speeches I have ever heard.

Later, when they left for their honeymoon, which they are spending ski-ing at Zurs in Austria, the young couple drove away from the house in a four-wheeled spider phaeton drawn by "Aunt Sally," a skewbald cob who is a great character of many exploits in the bride's family! When the bride and bridegroom return they are going to live in Cheshire, where the bridegroom is working in the family business, and they have been fortunate in finding a house at Tattenhall where the lovely wedding presents, which were on view at the reception, will soon find a home.

Before the wedding, Capt. Charlie Barclay arranged an early meet of the Puckeridge Hounds at Hadham Cross so that followers could attend the ceremony; amongst these were Mr. Derek Butler Adams, Mr. Richard Hanbury, Mr. Richard Beddington and family. Finding a fox at Madhams Wood they ran him to ground in a badger earth at Hadham village. Drawing Madhams again a fast hunt followed ending up at Col. Gosling's Hassobury coverts, the point being one of five miles. The bride's family had regaled the Hunt with port at the meet.

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ON New Year's Eve I fitted in five engagements after dinner, including a short visit to wish a happy New Year to two friends in King Edward's Hospital for Officers (Sister Agnes' Home). Here it was serene and peaceful, and at the same time cheerful, with gay Christmas decorations, and the very charming, efficient and immaculate staff going round with kindly, happy smiles and an abundance of understanding. This fine hospital is a great and unique institution of our country and something we can all feel justly proud of.

From here I went on to the City, where the Honourable Artillery Company were holding "The Batteries' Ball" at Armoury House, near Moorgate. This fine building, which fortunately did not suffer great war damage, is the headquarters of the H.A.C.—the oldest regiment in the T.A., dating from 1537—who parade there every week.

Then on to the Savoy, where the Limelight Ball, in aid of the Royal London Society for Blind Children, was being held for the fourth year running on New Year's Eve. I will be writing about these balls and one of the two private parties I went on to later, in next week's Journal.



THE CRESTA BALL

THIS SUCCESSFUL BALL was held at the Savoy.
Above: Air/Cdre. F. M. F. West, V.C., Mrs. Van der Zee, Mr. F. MacCarthy, and Mr. S. Ovsievsky

Lt.-Col. J. S. Coats and
Mrs. Ralph Harbord

Miss Sandra Graham and
Mr. Robin Groom



Mrs. Douglas Connor dancing
with Mr. Vernon Pope

Mr. Keith Schellenburg with
Miss Jan Hagenbach



Desmond O'Neill

The Hon. Mrs. Derek Moore-Brabazon and Lord
Brabazon of Tara, the great Cresta Run rider



Desmond O'Neill
Capt. Maurice French, Miss Bridget King and
Mrs. French



Mr. John Hervey-Bathurst and Miss Richenda Gurney

"ALMA MATER" BALL

NEARLY THREE HUNDRED guests attended the annual Downside, Ascot, and Ampleforth Dance at the Dorchester. Most of the guests were either members or ex-members of these three famous schools, and after dinner dancing went on with great gusto until the early hours of the morning



Mr. Nicholas Parson, Miss Denise Bryer, Mrs. Hurst and Mr. John Hurst

Miss Anne Shepherd-Smith and
Mr. Richard Allan

Miss Jennifer Van der Lande and
Mr. R. de Vilder

Miss Diana Stoneham and Mr.
Michael Allan



Miss Barbara Griggs was here with
Mr. Stuart Boulton



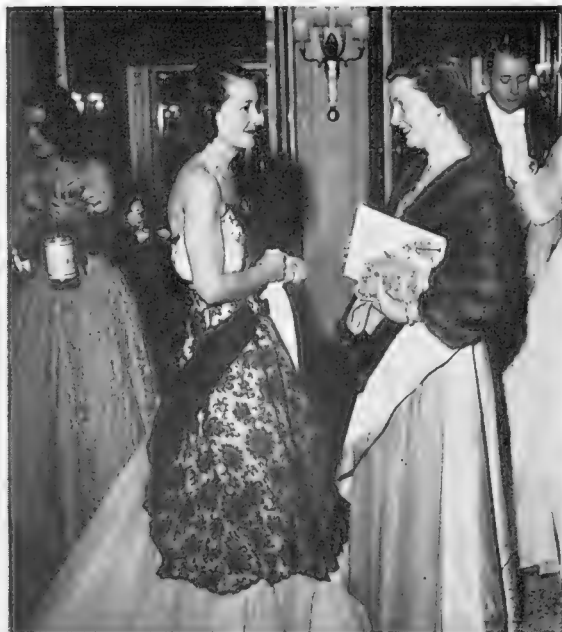
Miss Patience Storey and Mr.
Anthony Beeley



Mr. David Hoskyns and Miss
Sheelagh Barry

WINTER GAIETY

THE SNOW BALL at the Dorchester, in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind, was a very happy and festive occasion, and the decorations included an illuminated Christmas tree. Mrs. Tom Page was the very able chairman of this good ball



Mrs. G. E. Thubron and Mrs. Anthony Brooke on their arrival



Mr. Robert Cooper buying a ticket from Miss Elizabeth Thompson



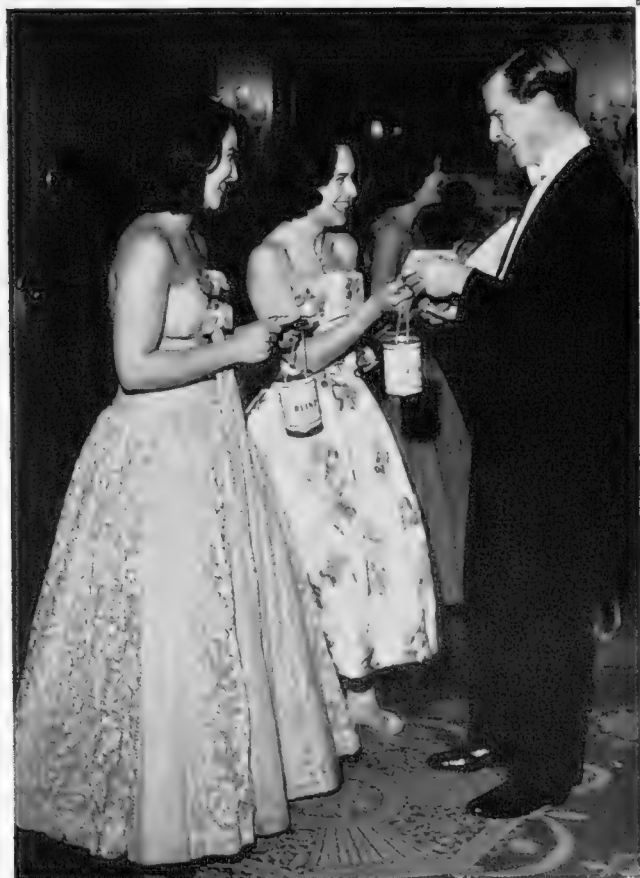
The Hon. Susan Lever presents a bouquet to Mrs. Tom Page



Mr. Patrick Brunner and Mrs. Brunner, tombola winners



Mr. Peter Jeeves, Mr. Martin Mæsse and Miss Evelyn Service



Miss Josephine and Miss Francine Winham and Mr. Mark Radcliffe



Miss Anne Leonard, Mr. Richard Wellesley, Mr. Paul Irby, Miss Susan Motion

A. V. Swaine

THE WEST END PLANETS THAT SHINE LIKE STARS

YOUNGMAN CARTER, looking at the New Year scene in theatreland, finds that the art of acting is safe in the hands of some often underrated members of the profession—the supporting players



Angus McBean
Alan Webb, who found in *South Sea Bubble* full scope for his remarkable gift of making old age palpable, though he is still young



Denis de Marney
Newton Blick, here seen slightly demoted in *Salad Days*, is potentially the greatest of our Shakespearian clowns



Michael Hordern, who has in excelsis "that touch of mesmerism which makes him the centre of attraction"

Angus McBean

"STAR quality" is the most damnable and tantalizing intangible in the language. Like Barrie's "charm" either you've got it or there's nothing to be done about it.

Mr. Gregory Peck, for example, has star quality at its most dynamic. If he comes into a crowded bar he is notable immediately: patrons who have never heard of him are aware of his presence. On the screen he is an exponent of the ponderous-to-dull school of American acting. Yet he is always a magnetic force from his first appearance to the fade out.

By the same token the English stage possesses at the moment fewer top flight stars than ever before in this country (for which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to blame), but is remarkably rich in men who are called, in the vernacular, "supporting players."

Again, this implies a quality which permits no easy definition. It is, for me, the ability to produce a feeling of well-being at seeing a name on the programme, a name which says of a certainty "However poor the play, the evening will not be wasted."

Alan Webb, a youngish man with an astonishing gift for conjuring up old age, is such a player. His elderly, native, old-school Tory in *South Sea Bubble* was one of the gems of last year, a miniature masterpiece whose brilliance was intensified by a superlative make-up.

Richard Pearson, who played the income-tax collector in *Both Ends Meet* and more recently the young china expert in *A Likely Tale*, excels in producing human beings for our delectation. How extraordinary, one feels, to have discovered a man who is exactly right for the part. Yet the only remarkable matter is Mr. Pearson's skill in being at all times utterly convincing.

MICHAEL HORDERN, on the other hand, specializes in the larger-than-life, and does it with a touch of mesmerism which makes him the centre of attraction whatever is happening on the stage. I remember him particularly at Stratford, where he appeared in a Shakespearian play about a fascinating philosopher who took to the forest of Arden, and there kept the entire audience on tenterhooks whilst they waited to discover what this splendid and original wit was going to say next.

Mr. Hugh Griffith has moved to the top of the bill with *Waltz Of The Toreadors*, but for years he has been turning moderate theatrical meals into memorable feasts by producing one superlative item for the menu. A favourite in this department is Mr. Newton Blick, now comfortably expending his talents on *Salad Days*, but potentially our greatest Shakespearian clown and the heir to the throne which Hay Petrie held for a generation.

The name of Mr. Donald Pleasence is often a sounder pledge than either the author's or the leading lady's. With great material, as the Dauphin for example in *St. Joan*, he is a superlative stylist, a creator of full length portraits, but more frequently he rescues an evening with a cameo.

THERE are a dozen others, some of them potential stars, who will certainly follow the Guinness track and achieve popular glory by sheer ability to act, unaided by a profile or a head of golden curls. Among them are Hugh Burden, a specialist in taut and sensitive characters. Arthur Macrae, as witty in person as he is as a playwright, Paul Rogers, already a fine Shakespearian lead, but a giant when supporting merely competent performers, Kenneth Hyde, Nigel Stock and Alec McCowen, who can make youth both dignified and funny with a flair which is new to London.

Finally, since this is of necessity an arbitrary personal list, there is Michael Gough, whose portrait I drew recently at Drury Lane. Mr. Gough carries a curious cloak of attraction. He is not, as are some of his peers, infinitely various, but there is an individualism, an oddity about his playing which is always arresting. Whether he is displaying the fascination of a snake or of a lame dog, he holds the stage and maintains our speculation to the last.

As the house lights dim and the footlights glow, our hearts (if we are not of the professional sourpuss school of critics) leap up. With guarantees like these the evening, we know, will have its moments.



The raffish Admiral of the Waterfront

IN this original drawing by Youngman Carter, Michael Gough is seen in his role of the admiral in "Fanny," the Drury Lane musical. To this character part of the waterfront pander he brings his wide experience on the legitimate stage finely to bear. He is the only person even remotely recalling the earthy Marseilles of Marcel Pagnol. Since the war Gough has given many memorable performances including that in Jean Anouilh's "Colombe"

MR. STONE SURVEYS A CENTURY

MR. WILLIAM STONE—"the Squire of Piccadilly"—who will be a hundred years old on January 14, has all the wide interests of a new Elizabethan together with the spirit of the great Victorian scientists and explorers, as can be seen from the fact that he is an M.A., F.L.S., F.C.S., F.R.G.S. and F.Z.S. He has seen six reigns, travelled extensively, lectured on Botany at Cambridge, stood for Parliament, been present at the Coronation of Czar Nicholas II and written books. From 1909 to 1941 he was Chairman of Albany, where he still lives as Senior Trustee



Tony Armstrong Jones

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

IT is one of life's little ironies that the biggest single fee yet paid in Hollywood should go to the actor who is to play the part of Joseph Grimaldi, who died poor. Come to that, he died crippled, too, and bereaved of son and of wife—but much loved.

Even had I not heard of the film that is to be made of *The Great Grimaldi*, I had meant to write this month of Joey, for on January 27 the annual clowns' service is to be held at St. James's, Pentonville, where a very simple stone is

Sacred
To the Memory of
Mr. Joseph Grimaldi
Who Departed This Life
May 31st, 1837,
Aged 58 years.

and which must be the only church in the world to be a member of the International Circus Clowns' Club.

St. James's is a simple Georgian church, plain and poor inside to the point of austerity, but with a gallery of clowns' photographs in the porch—pictures of men with painted faces, sad eyes and big boots—signed "Smokey" or "Winkles" or "Fips" or "Beppo," and a pathetic primitive of a *pagliaccio* dying on the stage, entitled *The Clown's Last Leap*.

IT is a poor church, this, in a poor parish, only a stone's throw from King's Cross, and I hope that the film company will remember that it is Grimaldi's church, when the box-office receipts from its life of Grimaldi pour in.

There are many reasons why the greatest of all clowns should be affectionately remembered, and not only in the name of the public house, The Harlequin, that stands to this day behind his old theatre of Sadler's Wells. Perhaps the

best reason of all is that on the night of May 30, 1837, after the landlord of the local tavern had carried him home as usual, pick-a-back (not because he was drunk, but because of the agonizing inflammation in his legs), his goodnight words were, "God bless you, my boy, I shall be ready for you tomorrow night." They were the last words that anyone heard him speak.

★ ★ ★

WHO would have thought that nearly half the power faults in the electricity supply of the south-west of England, and a third of those around Merseyside, are due to swans?

The report of the Nature Conservancy explains that the twenty thousand swans of Britain are all too liable to foul electricity cables, and that if they go on breeding at

their present rate protection may have to be withdrawn from them.

Everybody knows that the Thames swans belong to the Crown or to the Dyers' or the Vintners' companies: who owns those of other rivers I have never yet discovered. Perhaps their numbers would be fewer everywhere if they made better eating, or if there were more beaux as ardent as the Latin-American diplomatist I have heard tell of who, in the course of picnicking with an *inamorata* in a punt up the river, made a quick grab at a cygnet and presented it to his partner. An international crisis was averted only after it had been determined whether it was the Crown or the Vintners that had been despoiled, and after the diplomatist had been obliged to make a further riparian excursion to return the bird—but not, of course, the lady—to the Thames.

I HAVE hinted that the swan, however graceful on the water and impressive in the air, makes only a poor showing on the table, but I must confess that I write from hearsay. I have never eaten swan, though I know of a club, not my own, where it was served from time to time just after the war, and I wish I had been invited there to try it.

It may well be that the Vintners still have their annual feast of cygnet, and that they find it better eating than I have been told. I hope that any of my readers who finds a swan on his sideboard will remember that this is a bird that one does not *carve*: a swan is *lifted*. It must be a great comfort to swans to know that.

★ ★ ★

I FOUND myself involved, a couple of weeks ago, in a radio discussion with my betters about manners and behaviour. We all agreed at the time that having been heard by millions (we hoped) of listeners to pontificate upon this ticklish subject, our own manners would have to be improved. The future fingers of scorn seemed already, at the time, to be pointing at each of us from the microphone.

Now, after an interval, I wonder whether my own behaviour is, in fact, noticeably better. On the very day the programme was recorded I came home, I remember, and was short-tempered with

TO LORD PARRADINE, FROM A PORTRAIT OF THE SIXTH EARL

Very well, George, you have turned Sutley into a show place,
You have put my Sevres dinner service into a glass case,

You have exposed to the world (neatly labelled) my tables and chairs,
My pictures, my medals, my letters, my private affairs.

On my dining-room table you have arrogantly spread
My trophies, my gold, my silver. On the tired red druggets the people shuffle along and linger,
Touching my damask curtains with a finger,
Staring, sheep-eyed and open-mouthed, at my bed.
I am not complaining, George, though I'm glad I am dead.

I forgive you the kitchen turned into "Teas,"
I forgive you the charabancs parked under the trees,
The "Tucke Shoppe" in the stables, the "Gents," the "Ladies,"

The desecration of a great house. But by hades!
By the proud name you bear, George Parradine,
By the honours, dignities and glories of our noble line,

By my blue blood which unto yours must call,
Do you *have* to sell catalogues in the Front Hall?

—Virginia Graham

. . .

my cook. If, as I still suspect, it was a touch of indigestion that was the cause she had, of course, only herself to blame. Or so I shall go on telling myself.

WE all agreed that manners is one thing; etiquette, or convention, very much another. The one can come from books, or a finishing school, or even from magazine articles; the other has to come from the heart.

Other factors help, of course. When I was in Italy during the war, we were met time and again in the south—in the most backward, neglected, and poverty-stricken part of Italy—by peasant people who couldn't read or write, and who were abjectly poor, but who had a fine natural courtesy. They were no more servile than they were arrogant: they made one welcome to their poor and often war-ravaged homes, offered one what meagre food and wine they had, and shared, as it were, their own natural dignity.

When, eventually, we reached Rome, I

told a great lady whom I met at a very splendid dinner party how impressed and how moved I had been by such behaviour. I suppose I must have sounded condescending—which I certainly didn't mean to be—about how nicely the ignorant peasantry had behaved, for my dinner-partner said, rather loftily, "But of course, Mr. Ray: Italians have been civilized for a very long time."

I suppose that I had been guilty of bad manners, in not taking other people's good manners for granted. And I have my doubts about the duchess's manners, too: ought she to have made me feel so acutely that I was a Northern barbarian?

★ ★ ★

MONDAY sees the one-hundredth birthday of my old friend, William Stone, whom I have known since he was a young fellow of eighty-five or so, and whose tenant and neighbour I used to be in Albany, where he still lives.

Ever since he came down from Cambridge (with a first in natural sciences) and bought a set of rooms in Piccadilly, in 1878, Willie—and he is young enough for the friendly diminutive not to be over-familiar—has been a man-about-town in the best of all senses: interested in everything that goes on in a great capital city, from painting to politics, and from scientific discovery to the stage. Many have sought William Stone's company for the sake of hearing at first hand what it was like to go to Disraeli's funeral in 1881 ("the peacocks at Hughenden all screamed, as the cortège came down the drive"); or to learn from her sometime escort whether Marie Vetsera really was a pretty girl before she perished with her Habsburg lover in 1889 at Mayerling; and all who have come to gossip have stayed to admire Willie for his own sake—a gay, good mannered elderly gentleman with a gift for friendship.

What the secret of so long a life is I don't know—unless it is the philosophy enshrined in the remark he once smilingly made to my wife (with whose great-uncle he had been at private school, in 1869). "Now, my dear young lady," he said, "I'm going to ask *you* some questions, because I like to look forward, rather than to look back."

BRIGGS by Graham



At the Theatre

RESTORATIVE COMEDY

GROWN-UPS who have dutifully done their stint in the Christmas theatre are very likely to feel the need for a night out. They will find what they are looking for at the Royal Court where Mr. George Devine, shrewdly anticipating the seasonable reaction, has revived *The Country Wife*.

Why should they spoil a release which should be uninhibited by pretending to enjoy the most ribald comedy in the language for the sake of the author's style or for his satire or for any other polite but none the less hypocritical reason? There is not style enough in Wycherley to save any face, and his skin-deep satire is no more than the fun that one jolly sinner pokes at another for the cynical diversion of a third. *The Country Wife* is to be avoided by the squeamish or enjoyed for itself—as the funniest of the Restoration comedies.

WHAT makes it so is that its central device, a rake's well-advertised pretence that he is no longer dangerous to women, is brilliantly chosen to reflect the comic happenings in a society which has no thought that does not turn on sex. Every husband's requirement is a friend he can trust to beguile his wife in his absence without betraying him. Every wife's requirement is a lover who will not undo her reputation. In such a society Mr. Horner, the supposedly disabled rake, is the chaperon *par excellence*. All the husbands want him for friend, and so do all the wives, once they have learned the meaning of his subterfuge.

Wycherley's flair for the theatre is beyond detraction, and the workings of this central device are marvellously well organized. They produce three scenes which kept their fame even when the Victorians had put Wycherley into cold storage on Macaulay's assurance that he was "too filthy to handle and too noisome to approach." One of them is where the country wife, avid to learn the ways of the town, contrives despite her boy's disguise to



Sir Jasper Fidget (Esme Percy) and Mr. Sparkish (John Moffatt) discuss the reformed character of their mutual acquaintance, Mr. Horner, once the terror of husbands

pick up Mr. Horner in the confusion of a street encounter. Mr. Laurence Harvey and Miss Joan Plowright manage this intricate little scene well, he supplying the curiosity that is brazenly urban and she the rustic candour that implies avidity to learn all the strange new tricks of the town. Miss Plowright plays the country wife on a note of comically distorted rustic simplicity, and the distortion gains in oddity as increasing knowledge of the town's wicked ways gives her pleasure-loving nature leave to grow. It grows apace while her husband tries to snuff out her first urban romance with a dictated letter of dismissal to her admirer for which she substitutes a wild declaration of passion, and the audience, so irresistibly taken into the mischievous child's confidence during her ordeal, is tempted to think that the second of the famous scenes can rarely have been played better. At any rate, we are certainly put into an admirable position to appreciate the following scene in which the husband conveys the changed letter with his ironical compliments to the surprised but highly gratified object of its sentiments. Mr. Devine as Pinchwife, the deluded husband, is prominent in these scenes, but for some reason—perhaps the double responsibility of producer and actor—he adds surprisingly little to them.


THE third, the funniest and the least describable of the play's comic climaxes is carried on strings of *double-entendre* touching Mr. Horner's celebrated collection of china. Here Mr. Harvey is less well supported than he deserves. None of the three town ladies appear to relish the outrageous lines they are given to speak. Miss Diana Churchill is especially eager to skip rapidly through passages that must be dwelled on if they are to show their full significance. Lady Fidget's rebuke to Mrs. Dainty: "Fy, fy, fy, for shame, sister! Whither shall we ramble?" is, in its context, as witty as anything in the play; but this time it goes for nothing.

Nor does the final feast of the wives at the expense of their husbands go for very much more. Mr. John Moffatt's Sparkish, the ape of fashion who is prepared to be undone for the sake of fashion, shares with Miss Plowright the evening's acting honours. But by this time the company as a whole will have gained the courage which the play's shameless impudence requires of them. Then the smoothness of Mr. Devine's direction and the arresting simplicity of Motley's settings will become enormously effective.

—Anthony Cookman



"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Royal Court Theatre). The narrowly suspicious Mr. Pinchwife (George Devine) with his city-dazzled spouse (Joan Plowright) and the letter to the cunning Mr. Horner (Laurence Harvey), who proves to be a very cat in pigeon's clothing. Drawings by Emmwood



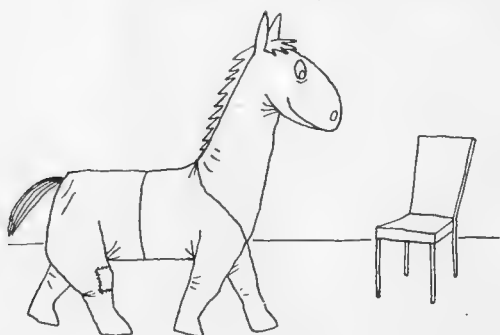
AN ACTRESS OF GREAT PROMISE

JILL BENNETT adds to her now growing repertoire of sensitive, ardently sympathetic young women by another good performance in "The Touch Of Fear" at the Aldwych Theatre. She plays the devoted young wife of a distraught young man (Bryan Forbes) who is cruelly dominated by an autocratic father (Nicholas Hannen). As in "Marching Song" and "The Night Of The Ball" she brings to the part her own particular gift of burning sincerity

*Photograph by
Angus McBean*



THE DUQUE AND DUQUESA DE LUNA photographed in Madrid, where the Duque is Director-General of the State Tourist Department. He was formerly Spanish Naval Attache in London. The Duquesa is the eldest daughter of the Duque de Villahermosa. They have five children



Priscilla in Paris

FRENCH (SCHOOL) LEAVE

BECAUSE the Christmas vacation has been rather longer than usual this year Paris seems overrun by schoolchildren.

Every day is a holiday and it is well that the "gay city" boasts, actually, of three circuses. Five, in reality, since the one at the Palais des Sports (alias the Winter Velodrome) is a three-ring affair to which every child demands—quite reasonably—to be taken three times.

For my own entertainment, on fine mornings, I go to the Luxembourg gardens to watch the crowd of small persons excitedly trying out the gifts that Father Christmas, or *le petit Noel*, has brought them, and the *étrennes* that arrive, a few days later, by more human agency for the New Year. Even now, as I watch a new boat sailing across the big basin of the Luxembourg fountains, I can recapture the old thrill of childhood. The French Senate, standing in the background, becomes Kensington Palace, and my toes are dangerously near the brink of the Round Pond.

THERE have been thrills at the theatre this week, but of a different order. Tennessee Williams's *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* at the Théâtre Antoine is what a young spectator described as an "eye-and-ear-full!" We had more or less expected what we received and we received even more than we expected. The adaptation is by the eminent dramatist, M. André Obey; and the title becomes *Une Chatte Sur Un Toit Brûlant*. It was the *chatte* (that very pretty pussy) who had inspired our expectations, since advance news told us that the role would be played by Mlle. Jeanne Moreau, and that she would be dressed (which



THE DUQUESA DE FERNAN NUNEZ, whose late husband held seventeen hereditary titles, seated beneath a family portrait by Goya in her Madrid drawing-room



THE DUQUESA DE SUECA in her Madrid apartment. She was formerly the Condesa Banares, a descendant of the Principe de la Paz, a famous Prime Minister

might be called an overstatement) by Mlle. "Coco" Chanel. M. Obey's translation is as faithful as it can be to any translation of whatever spade Mr. Williams chooses to use, but Mlle. Chanel, disdaining the shorts and shirt-waist in which the American actress who created the role appeared, has elaborated, for Jeanne Moreau, a diaphanous, rose-tinted garment that ends almost before it begins.

The play is grim stuff. Cynical quarrels take place in front of a man who is dying of cancer over the heritage that he will leave; the sometimes plaintive, more often aggressive, would-be seductive caterwaulings of the *chatte-in-pink-chiffon*; the nostalgic spirituals of Negro singers; the romantic but oppressive environment of a sun-drenched plantation on the Mississippi, so admirably brought to life and drilled by Mr. Peter Brook, ensure that the "house full" boards will be in use at the Théâtre Antoine for a long time to come. A play to frighten Auntie Tabitha and to delight our young know-alls under sixteen!

IN the bubble-and-froth entertainment world the new Pierre-Louis Guerin and René Fraday *revue* at the Lido, *C'est Magnifique*, is rightly named. It is even better than magnificent. Spectacular shows are so often rather overpowering. Colour too harsh, music too noisy, lights too dazzling and stripping that nauseates rather than teases. But at the Lido there is the perfection of good taste. The music charms and soothes the most savage admirers of discord; there is delicacy of colour; the famous Bluebell girls—or, as our dear, regretted C.B. would have said: "Young Ladies"—have never before been quite so lovely, quite so exquisitely dressed or quite so alluringly "teasing" when required.

What an audience. Though they may not all have been born in Paris all true Parisians were present, Mr. Charles Chaplin leading. Young B.B. (Brigitte Bardot), Francoise Sagan chaperoned by the Marcel Achards, Jean Cocteau, Henri-George and Vera Clouzot, Roland Petit and his Zizi, Ludmilla Tcherina, Georges Carpentier and many others for whom I have no space, since I really must mention the frilled and

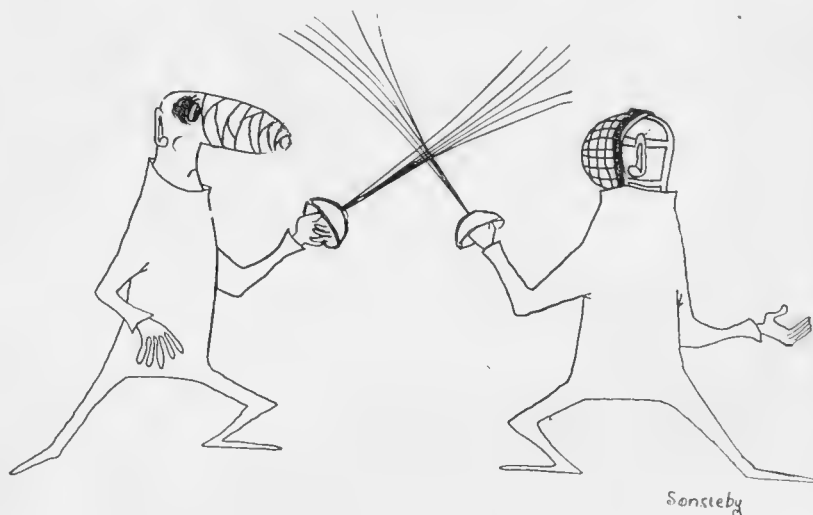
gophered dress shirts worn by some of our Golden Lads. There were also sensational ties (Jean Marais sported a chaste affair in pink with brown stripes) that were made of narrow brocaded or plain ribbon, and worn with long flowing ends.

What can one say other than: "Well! Well!" though "well" is not, perhaps, the right word to use. . . .

Michel Droit, who has filmed the cinematographic biographies of such great writers as Gide, Claudel and Colette, has just finished that of André Maurois. We shall enjoy this film, of which one scene was shot at Maurois's old school, the Lycée Corneille at Rouen, to the boys' great delight. Such wonders never happened in my schooldays!

Promenade habituelle

- "... It is not so much that he is looking for a job, as that he wants to have somewhere to go every morning."



A NEW BRITISH BALLET ENLIVENS WINTER LONDON



Anya Linden (above) plays two parts in the ballet; that of the Moon in Act II and also one of the "pas de six" in the last act. (Below) At the Court of the Middle Kingdom in the first act

GEORGE GULLEY, the author of this article on the long awaited "Prince of the Pagodas," is the erudite commentator whose point of view has always an unique personal flavour

Photographs by Tony Armstrong Jones

It is curious to think of the Government as the backers of a fairy story, yet that is precisely what these kind gentlemen have done for us in handsome style with the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden.

"Now this fellow Britten—musical, eh?" "No relation of Sir Harry's, which is a pity of course. But he's done this sort of thing before. A useful name, too, at the moment." "And Cranko?" "Chap who made up the plot and tells them what steps they're supposed to be dancing. Modern, but not too futuristic. No rocking or rolling. Wrote a revue last year which my missus liked."

"John Piper?" "He's the painter who had such rotten weather when he was sketching for His late Majesty at Windsor. He's done the scenery. Ah well, all agreed?" Heigh ho, and so to the next item.

And for once this phantasy is worth every penny of our money. *The Prince of the Pagodas* is just a fairy tale of the Cinderella order but it has the seeds of enchantment. It gives Beriosova the golden chance she merits and flings out prodigal moments of glory to nearly all the younger members of the company.

The story is of an emperor of the Quattrocento Folies Bergères, a silly old party with two daughters, one good and one bad. To Court come four princely suitors who are monopolized by the wicked princess. For expert palates this scene provides the best dish of the evening. The music is an agreeable mockery of





The ballet of the Moon, in the second act (above), in which Anya Linden takes the central part, is one of the several dream sequences. Svetlana Beriosova (below) dances the leading role of Princess Belle Rose, the beautiful but neglected daughter of the King

those airs which non-residents believe to represent local colour. T.R.H.s the Princes of North, South, East and West, inspired by Mr. Cranko, delicately caricature the dance styles of those countries and the *corps de ballet* react with becoming wit. Here, too, the principals get a chance to do a little miming, and the whole stage achieves a unity of composition, colour, dance, sound and histrionics which is rare and memorable.

But now to the rescue of the beautiful and exquisite Belle Epine (Beriosova) comes the Prince of the Pagodas in a cloud of steam and equipped with a wire-drawn chariot supported by four exceedingly froggy persons, and I mean no offence to our gallant allies. The tale develops very much as might be supposed, with the assistance of Moon (Anya Linden) and her attendant stars and cumuli, some excellent fishes and a couple of flames who cavorted around with exhilarating virtuosity.

With the aid of (I think) the Chinese Navy, the wicked Princess (Julia Farren) is foiled and everybody dances happily for ever after.

WHAT more could one ask of an evening? Mr. Benjamin Britten's score, which seemed to open with an a-tonal version of "Here Comes The Boys' Brigade," settled into adequacy and at one or two moments, when he felt the pantomime spirit, became really exciting. The John Piper sets coupled with William Bendy's lighting and a discreet eye on the works of Emmett conjured a new-flavoured fairyland. The costumes, by Desmond Heeley, are by far the most glamorous contribution to décor which Covent Garden has seen for a long time. Leon Bakst has a worthy successor in the ballet at last.

The company danced well, some with heart-lifting promise. David Blair as the prince and Ray Powel, a wicked dwarf, were notable. Opportunities were dished out by Mr. Cranko, our most individual and virile choreographer, with a fairy godfather's generosity, and a very good time was had by one and all.

After the first curtain only those members of the audience most in need of a haircut were dissenting and by the finale the great auditorium had become intimate with warmth in its delight at this good little deed in a dull and chilly world.



The Hon. Alice Jolliffe, daughter of Hylton and Mr. J. Graffley-Smith



Miss Patricia Barker and Mr. Ben enjoyed the evening

Miss Elizabeth Gage and Mr. Torcuil Nor were among the guests.



A DEBUTANTE DANCE BY CANDLELIGHT

THE last debutante dance in 1956 was given by Lady (Donald) Anderson and Mrs. Cyril Kleinwort for their daughters, Miss Jennifer Anderson and Miss Charlotte Kleinwort, at Claridge's. A large number of last year's debutantes and their escorts danced until the early hours of the morning in a fairyland setting of gaily lit Christmas trees. Above: Miss Jennifer Anderson and Miss Charlotte Kleinwort, the young hostesses. The dance is described by Jennifer, starting on page 46



Miss Sally Cunningham was sitting out with Mr. R. Uniacke



Lord

Miss Charlotte Bowater, niece of Sir Noel Bowater, Bart., and Mr. Mark Watney



The Hon. Joanna Cavendish and the Hon. Robert Biddulph

Miss Patricia Knights, Mr. R. Baker-Wilbraham, Miss Anne Louise Stockdale



Miss Alison Bradford was dancing with Mr. Robin Althaus



Mr. Christopher Norman-Butler and Miss Phyllida Barstow enjoying refreshments together

Desmond O'Neill



PUCCINI is portrayed by Gabriele Ferzetti, and Elvira, the woman he marries, is played by Marta Toren (in the right-hand box above) in *His Two Loves*, a sumptuous colour film about the great musician. Below: June Allyson is seen as Kay, the wife of a temporarily erring Broadway producer (Leslie Nielsen), in *The Opposite Sex*



At the Pictures

HORRID, BUT FASCINATING

WHOEVER the fellow was that the Six Characters In Search Of An Author were looking for, I am quite certain it was not Mr. Tennessee Williams. No character in its right mind could conceivably want to participate in any piece by Mr. Williams. As for characters in less than their right mind, they should run a mile at the mere mention of his name: he is, if possible, beastlier to them than to the others.

With an ingenuity bordering on the fiendish, Mr. Williams invariably contrives to pin his principal characters down in some perfectly horrid situation—then, when they are securely and painfully impaled, he goes for them with scissors and thumbscrews, snipping away at their last few rags of human dignity and determinedly wringing from the poor wretches the ultimate cry of agony. For sheer cruelty Mr. Williams, I would say, beats cock-fighting.

His latest contribution to the gaiety of nations is *Baby Doll*—a squalid drama of the Deep South—in which Mr. Karl Malden, as an ugly middle-aged man with a seductive young slut of a wife, is his chief victim. *Baby Doll*, the wife (superbly played by twenty-two year old Miss Carroll Baker) who married him when she was eighteen, has reduced him to a nervous wreck by refusing to allow him his conjugal rights until she is twenty. His cotton ginning business (that is, separating cotton from its seeds) has been ruined by a Sicilian neighbour, Mr. Eli Wallach, whose far more efficiently run gin is now patronized by all Mr. Malden's old customers.

Two days before *Baby Doll*'s twentieth birthday, a hire purchase company whisks all the furniture out of Mr. Malden's ramshackle house—and *Baby Doll* declares she will leave him. This throws Mr. Malden into such a rage, he burns down Mr. Wallach's gin. The Sicilian's revenge is peculiarly vicious. Despatching Mr. Malden on some fool's errand, he spends an

afternoon with Baby Doll—introduces her to that well-known streetcar named desire and extracts from her a confession of her husband's guilt.

From first to last—from that early shot of Baby Doll lolling in a child's cot while her husband droolingly peeps at her through a hole bored in her bedroom wall, to the moment when the tormented Mr. Malden howls in the night like a hound-dawg and beats his head against a tree—this is a thoroughly revolting film. It is, however, magnificently acted—for which reason it exerted upon me an awful fascination. Mr. Elia Kazan, producing and directing, has surrounded the principal characters with a horde of minor ones—sly, evil-looking white folks and malevolent, sniggering ancient Negroes, all delighting in the misfortunes of others and all hideously well-drawn. The film, I need hardly say, carries an "X" Certificate.

A YOUNG person requesting from me the Christmas present of a book, added "I mean a book for *reading*, not a book for looking at." Having seen the screen versions of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men In A Boat* and Dr. A. J. Cronin's *The Spanish Gardener*, it seems to me these two books were so obviously designed for *reading* that it was probably a mistake—or, at any rate, rash—to attempt to film them.

The former novel has been freely but honourably adapted by Messrs. Hubert Gregg and Vernon Harris. Messrs. Laurence Harvey, Jimmy Edwards and David Tomlinson, as the three Edwardian chaps taking a damp and disastrous boating holiday on the Thames, dutifully endure all the discomforts devised by Mr. Jerome—and Montmorency, the dog, is as cute as can be: but somehow one does not chuckle over them as one did when one saw them simply with the mind's eye.

A cricket match in which Messrs. A. E. Matthews, Ernest Thesiger and Miles Malleon take part did strike me as extremely funny, but I think only the young or those partial to slapstick

will roll in the aisles over the rest of this picture of riparian fun.

Dr. Cronin's story, of an embittered and lonely British Consul at a small Spanish port whose over-possessive love for his young son turns the boy against him, comes stiffly to the screen. The fact that all the Spanish peasants speak impeccable English lends it a curious artificiality and the film does not, as it was surely meant to do, touch the heart.

Mr. Michael Hordern, sensitive and tense, is the Consul; Master Jon Whiteley, acting rather more consciously now than in *The Kidnappers*, plays the son satisfactorily—and Mr. Dirk Bogarde looks amiable but nothing more as the young Spanish gardener whose innocent friendship with the boy Mr. Hordern so unreasonably and catastrophically resents. A positively flashing game of pelota momentarily stirs one's blood and the lovely Spanish setting is full of warmth and sunshine—but I think you will find that emotionally the film leaves you cold.

MISS BARBARA STANWYCK competently plays a rather unpleasant career woman in *Crime Of Passion*, though called upon by the script writers to behave somewhat more erratically than career women usually do. After one meeting with a police lieutenant, Mr. Sterling Hayden, she throws up her newspaper job and marries him. In no time at all she is bored stiff with his colleagues and their dreary wives. In an effort to secure her husband's promotion, she seduces his Chief (Mr. Raymond Burr)—a cool customer who accepts her favours but gives none in return.

Mr. Burr is found shot dead and Mr. Hayden is put to work on the case: he stands a good chance of promotion if he solves it. For the first time in his life Mr. Hayden, single-handed, does track down and pull in a killer. The only snag is, it's his wife. Oh, well!

—Elsbeth Grant

JOAN COLLINS has a new and unusual role in the film *Seawife*, when she plays a nun shipwrecked and then confined on a raft with a handful of men. With her is Biscuit, played by Richard Burton



Book Reviews

TURGENEV THE MASTER

NO other short novel contains so much as does Ivan Turgenev's **First Love**. This nineteenth-century Russian masterpiece, translated by Isaiah Berlin, has been re-issued by publishers Hamish Hamilton in a comely illustrated edition: price, 18s. Lord David Cecil contributes the introduction—"First Love," he says, "is surely one of the few perfect achievements in fiction."

"Turgenev," the introduction goes on to say, "contrived to make reality delightful. His incidents are quiet, but they are never dull or insignificant. This is partly due to his exquisite sense of the beautiful. This is of the very fibre of his nature; every glance he gives at the world calls it into play; noting here the graceful turn of a woman's neck, there the shimmer of a cornfield in the sunshine, or the distant sound of a voice singing across the twilit fields. So that his vigilantly accurate picture of reality is inevitably also a picture of what is beautiful in reality."

Part of the charm of *First Love* is that its main situation hardly could be more everyday. An ingenuous boy of sixteen, young for his age, is swept off his feet by "the girl next door." The time is summer, 1833. Vladimir (an only son) and his parents have moved out from Moscow into a country house at no very great distance from the city. At the edge of their property stands a lodge: for some time this has been empty, but now a mysterious family moves in.

THE lodge's new tenant is a princess; she is accompanied by her daughter. . . . And one day, wandering in the tangled garden, Vladimir sees a vision over the fence.

A few paces from me—on a lawn flanked by green raspberry canes—stood a tall, slender girl in a striped pink dress with a white kerchief over her head. Four young men clustered round her, and she was tapping them one by one on the forehead with those small grey flowers—I do not know their name, but they are well known to children: these flowers form little bags and burst loudly if you strike them against anything hard. The young men offered their foreheads so eagerly, and there was in the girl's movements (I saw her in profile) something so enchanting, imperious and caressing, so mocking and charming, that I nearly cried out with wonder and delight. . . .

Zinaida, "the young princess," holding court! How can Vladimir make these new neighbours' acquaintance? This is arranged (as does so often turn out) through the proper channels: he is sent to carry a message from his mother. And so, scene by scene, moment by moment, ecstasy declares itself; a whole new world opens—the lyrical world of love, lit by summer lightning. Nothing will be, ever, like this again!

The fairy-tale quality of the girl stands out against her seedy, shoddy surroundings. Zinaida, at twenty-one, is the child of a *mésalliance*; her mother is a snuff-taking fat vulgarian. And what is the secret of the passion which, more and more, torments Zinaida, abstracts her from her surroundings? Through Vladimir's innocent gaze we perceive guilt elsewhere. And the guilt involves, moreover, his own father. At the end comes that terrible scene in a Moscow by-street.

What critic dare summarize *First Love*? And can there be a person alive who will not respond to it? To those knowing the book I would still say, read it again! The Franz Wegner drawings are in tune with the story. Though Turgenev writes so vividly for the eye that he does not, in one sense, need illustration. . . . Keep this volume in mind if you still have an unexchanged book-token. Or there could be no better late New Year gift.

★ ★ ★

SET in a Somersetshire country house, **The Compassionate Lady**, by H. Joyce Blackley (The Bodley Head, 15s.), is a novel of the eighteenth century. Sensitively told, and without hurry, this is the story of a fine-natured woman's marriage to a Tony Lumpkin of a squire, and of her other secret and lifelong love. When the youthful Caroline met the painter Tom Aiken in Joshua Reynolds's studio, she was already all but plighted to Charles Baxter—whose uncouthness among a bevy of bright young Londoners appealed to her pity.

Not until years later is Aiken brought, by a woman friend of Caroline's, to Marchwood—that isolated West Country



BRIAN REECE, known to many as P.C.49 on the radio, and for his acting on the stage and television, has also appeared frequently in cabaret, especially at Quaglinos. This photograph is one of the gallery of celebrities in "They Came To My Studio," by the well-known photographer Vivienne (Hall Publications, 30s.)



THESE CHARMING and original studies of a poodle and a Sealyham are among Pamela Chandler's photographs illustrating Lt.-Col. C. E. W. Beddow's book "His Excellency The Dog," which is a mine of information about the history, habits and care of dogs (Hall Publications, price 20s.)





CHARLES WHEELER, C.B.E., recently succeeded Sir Albert Richardson as President of the Royal Academy, the first sculptor to do so. Mr. Wheeler is seen in his comfortable studio surrounded by the beautiful objects he has created. His other work includes the mermaids on the Trafalgar Square fountains and sculptures on the Bank of England buildings in the City

mansion. Meanwhile, Caroline Baxter has discovered that her husband's brutishness is more than superficial. Her good works, her attempts, allied with the elderly rector, to ameliorate village living conditions, have failed to satisfy her whole nature. Tragedy attends the fulfilment of the two lovers' passion; yet, it remains immortalized by a superb painting—Aiken's portrait of his "Compassionate Lady."

This is a first novel, and there is something most sympathetic about the writing. *How* sensitive people survived, and what they felt, in Britain's toughest of epochs, one often wonders. *The Compassionate Lady* suggests an answer.

★ ★ ★

BY means of a lively journal, **Potter On America** (Hart-Davis, 12s. 6d.) the Stephen Potter of *Gamesmanship*, *Lifemanship* and *One-Upmanship*, records how he impacted upon the U.S.—and it upon him. This author achieves candour without bad manners—the perils, charms and humours of his adventures, from state to state, from platform to platform (he was lecturing), and from hostess to hostess, are very beguilingly set out.

Mr. Potter seems never to have acquired the brassy qualities of a celebrity; his diffidence, one may be nearly sure, endeared him to the innumerable Americans through whose hands he passed, and will no doubt have a like effect on the reader. The trouble is that every non-American who finds himself or herself at large in America cannot avoid playing the role of Visitor, and the visitor-angle cannot but be a special one. Mr. Potter, however, on the whole, suffered less from this handicap than do many. And when doing nothing else, he was playing golf.

WE have now, in volume form, **Did It Happen?** (Oldbourne, 8s. 6d.), a collection of the *Evening Standard's* nightly mystery stories. Each of these thirty-three tales is at once spectacular and (if one may so specify) *just* possible: so a query attaches to each—is it true, or not? Make your own guess, then check by the "key" at the end. In their own right, most of these make good reading; as given their authors' names one might expect. Nigel Balchin, Gerald Bullett, Negley Farson, Stephen King-Hall, William Saroyan, J. B. Morton, Angus Wilson, Stevie Smith, G. B. Stern, Wolf Mankowitz, C. S. Forester, Bernard Newman, André Maurois, Robert Henriques—these are among the contributors. Good value.

—Elizabeth Bowen



PAUL JENNINGS again enchants his devotees by republishing, with inimitable illustrations by Haro (example above) his comic pieces from "The Observer." "Model Oddities" (Reinhardt, 10s. 6d.) is as delicate a feast as ever

Fashions by
Isobel Vicomtesse
d'Orthez

BRIDGE OF TWEED

FROM Mattli comes this charming outfit in a pale, natural coloured basket weave tweed, the perfect material, light but warm, and the ideal soft colouring to carry you over the change from thick winter clothes to light-weight summer fabrics. The slim plain tailored skirt is worn (left) with a lavender cashmere sweater by Pringle. The wide coat is unusually seamed, giving a panel effect, and is worn with a hat by Vernier. The coat only is stocked by Harrods, price 34 guineas

Photographs by Michel Molinare





COLOURING

A suit (left) from Hardy Amies Ready-to-wear Collection, in beige wool tweed with a softly tailored box jacket and a slim skirt, £38. To match the jacket lining is worn a dark olive Paisley pure silk blouse (below). From Simpson, Piccadilly, and Finnigans; hat is by Vernier



SOFTLY flattering for the between-season time of February to May are the pale shades of beige and honey. These colours are very becoming and will delight with a wide variety of contrasting accessories, as can be seen from the examples shown from two London designers

OF SPRING



Michel Molinare

Here is Jacqmar's dress and jacket in pale beige and white flecked tweed. The sleeveless dress has a flaring skirt, and the jacket, which barely touches the hips, is lightly fitted and has a most becoming wide collar. Dress and jacket cost approx. 33 gns. from Ben Pearson, Brook Street; hat by Dorothy Carlton



The charming coat on the right is a fine example of the feminine quality imparted to rainwear nowadays. Made in striped spun rayon, it is very well cut and has imaginative detail in the cuffs, hip tabs and the skilful use of the stripes. Stocked by 5th Avenue, Regent St., it costs £5 12s. 6d.



THE pale colour range is now extended to the new rainwear collections, making waterproofs that are cheering whatever the weather; the three shown here are from the new Quelrayn collection. Above is a classic coat in showerproof misty tweed, which comes in five soft colours, £9 9s. Right is a full lined waterproof coat in blended wool fabric. In pastel shades at George West & Co., costing £6 16s. 6d.

Pretty as paint when it rains cats and dogs



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

THE LINE FOR MID WINTER . . .

THE matching full back cape coat has a high roll collar. The soft brimmed hat is in ruby velour which is warm, becoming and suitable for town and country occasions. A perfect traveller. The coat is comfortably loose in the arms and so is ideal for also wearing over a suit as well as over a dress. All are made to order





Michel Molinare

ELEGANT for both town and country is this ensemble from Margaret Barry, New Bond St. The slim tailored dress is in warm ruby coloured knobby tweed. It has an attractive straight neckline and three-quarter length sleeves while the belt of the dress is leather edged. Everlastingly useful; now worn under coats it will be the perfect dress in its own right in the spring

...IN TOWN OR OUT

These attractive round trays are of pressed pulp with delicate decorations. The 12 in. is £1 9s., the 14 in., £1 11s. 6d., and 15 in., £1 15s. At Fortnum's



Basis for repasts of charm

PREPARING the ground for a good dinner party starts, not so much with the food, as with the nice arrangement of the table itself. In these days table mats, far from remaining the dull ovals or circles of yesteryear, are gay contemporary decorations

—JEAN CLELAND



Oval metal wastepaper tub, depicting London scenes, price £2 5s. From Fortnum and Mason. The large framed picture, 25s., is from Archives Designs



Glass dish, or ash tray, showing the beautiful "Black Penny" stamp of 1840. These cost 6s. 6d.



The entrancing table mats, illustrating matadors, cost £5 5s. for the set of six, and £1 1s. for each platter mat. Felt backed and heat-resistant. Fortnum and Mason



Large place mats are now more popular with many people than the small ones. These depict London scenes. From Fortnum and Mason, £1 9s. 6d. each

Dennis Smith



Many of the designs originally created for tableware are now framed as hanging pictures. The small ones here cost 17s. 6d. each from Archives Designs, Cromwell Road, S.W.7



The "Early Aeroplane" series. Wastepaper tub in metal, £1 19s. 6d.; round papier mache tray, £1 12s. 6d., and the glass dishes, 10s. 6d. each. Fortnum's

Beauty

Feet foremost



FOOT MASSAGE from toe to ankle is the procedure for Rose Laird's new Foot Balm which puts fresh life into sale shoppers' tired feet and ankles



NEVER a dull moment. Christmas, New Year, and now the winter sales. It's a grand life if you don't weaken.

This is the moment, I feel, when feet need all the help they can get. In busy times like these, many people complain that their feet swell at the end of a rushing day. Only recently I was talking about this to a specialist, who gave me a simple but wonderfully effective method for reducing the puffiness. If I remember correctly, he called it the "Contrast Treatment." This is how it is done.

When you come in at the end of the day, and your feet feel tired and inclined to be swollen over the instep and round the ankles, take off your stockings, and give up from five to ten minutes for putting them in hot and cold water alternately. This, by stimulating the circulation, disperses any inflammation, and helps to bring the feet and ankles back to normal. It is important, the specialist told me, to *start* with the *hot*, and *finish* with the *hot*.

AFTER trying various ways of carrying out the "Contrast Treatment," I arrived at what I thought was a pleasant and satisfactory plan. I ran the hot water into the bath, and placed an enamel basin filled with cold water on the floor beside the bath. With a clock on a table to give me the time, and a book in my hands to relieve tedium, I then sat on the edge of the bath, and immersed my feet first in the hot and then in the cold, swinging over the bath edge from one to the other, with no trouble at all. As the hot water cooled off, I let in some fresh to heat it up again.

This proved so effective and so pleasantly relaxing, that I did it every night for a time, with really wonderful results. Now I do it once or twice a week, or at the end of any particularly tiring day if I feel the need of it.

Because my feet—which have never been my strong point—need special care if they are to stand up to the considerable amount of strain I put upon them in the way of dashing madly here, there and everywhere, I have had considerable experience in this particular subject. If I have time to follow the "Contrast Treatment" with a short "feet above the level rest," I always try to do so. By this I mean lying on the bed with my feet raised on pillows, or sitting in a chair with my feet up on a higher one. In either case, the idea is to see that the feet are at a slightly higher level than the rest of the body. This, by drawing the blood away from the ankles, is one of the quickest ways of reducing swelling and inflammation. As an adjunct to the "Contrast Treatment," it is especially beneficial and wonderfully "renewing," not only to the feet but the whole body.

I MUST now tell you of something else which I am finding extremely helpful. This is a brand new "foot balm" from Rose Laird. Created for the relief of tender feet, it is also an effective deodorant and very refreshing. After washing the feet in warm water—or after the "Contrast Treatment"—massage the cream between the toes, and over and under the insteps. This is best done at night. In the morning, apply a thin film of the cream again to act as a protection. If you do this daily, you will find it a useful guard against callouses.

Talking of callouses, these are often caused by pressure due to weak arches. This can be greatly helped by wearing a support. You can get some that are soft and light, and so pliable that they fit right into the instep, and adapt themselves to the shape of the foot.

One last word. Nothing is more ageing to the looks than tired, aching and painful feet. There is, therefore, no better beauty treatment than a visit to the chiropodist, or regular visits if there is any recurring discomfort. Add to this an occasional pedicure, and you will have found at least one way of prolonging a youthful appearance.

—Jean Cleland

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Pearl Freeman

Miss Elizabeth Ann Hoffman, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Hoffman, of Dukani, Ridgemount Avenue, Bassett, Hampshire, has become engaged to Mr. Esyr ap Gwilym Lewis, elder son of the late Rev. T. W. Lewis and of Mrs. Lewis, of Gray's Inn Square, W.C.1, and Dol-y-Coed, Gellinedd, Glamorganshire, South Wales



Harlip

Miss Elizabeth J. Jane Seymour, daughter of the late Mr. A. H. Seymour and Mrs. Seymour, of Moor Cottage, Eversley, and Bolton Gardens, S.W.5, is engaged to Mr. Roderick S. Cochrane-Dyet, 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, youngest son of the late Col. J. C. Cochrane-Dyet, and Mrs. Cochrane-Dyet, of Abergavenny



Bassano

Miss April J. Marsden, daughter of the late Mr. P. Marsden, and Mrs. Marsden, Sutton Waldron House, Blandford, Dorset, will marry Mr. R. A. Barrett, son of Capt. and Mrs. R. C. Barrett, Weston Lodge, Malton, Yorkshire



Fayer

Miss Judith Margaret Denham, younger daughter of Capt. H. M. Denham, C.M.G., R.N. (retd.), and Mrs Denham, Cadogan Place, S.W.1, is engaged to Capt. T. G. Jackson, The Rifle Brigade, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. H. H. Jackson, Ankerbold, Tupton, Chesterfield



Fayer

Miss Denise Vivien Cole, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cole, of Grosvenor Square, W.1, and Fifth Avenue, New York, will marry Mr. Charles Raymond Wyndham Adeane, eldest son of Mr. Robert Adeane, of Babraham, Cambridgeshire, and Mrs. Adeane, of Victoria Square, S.W.1



Bassano

Miss Susan Carmichael Fry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Fry, of September Cottage, Yelverton, South Devon, is engaged to Mr. Francis Philip Brooke-Popham, son of the late Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham and Lady Brooke-Popham, of Cottisford House, Brackley, Northamptonshire



Vandyk

Miss Angeia Mary Kemp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. E. B. Kemp, of Rexholme, Guildford, Surrey, recently announced her engagement to Mr. John Patrick Spens, son of the late Lt.-Cdr. W. J. McC. Spens, Royal Navy, and of Mrs. Alderson, of Salisbury Avenue, Cheam, Surrey



Cochrane—Cheyne. *The Hon. Ralph Henry Vere Cochrane, second son of Lord Cochrane of Cults, of Crauford Priory, Cupar, Fife, and the late Hon. Mrs. Cochrane, married Miss Janet Mary Watson Cheyne, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Watson Cheyne, of Crewkerne, Somerset, at St. Paul's, Onslow Square*



de Ferranti—Gore. *Mr. Basil Z. de Ferranti, younger son of Sir Vincent and Lady de Ferranti, of Adders Moss, Over Alderley, Cheshire, married Miss Sara Gore, daughter of the late Mr. C. Gore and of Lady Barbara Gore, of Smith Terrace, S.W.3, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge*



Strachan—Hardie. *Mr. Douglas Frederick Strachan, younger son of Lord Justice and Lady Strachan, of Heriot Row, Edinburgh, married Miss Mary Scott Hardie, of Dechmont House, West Lothian, Scotland, at St. John's Church, Edinburgh*

RECENTLY MARRIED



Travers-Smith—Cox. *Mr. Kim Ian Oswald Travers-Smith, son of the late Mr. Edward Travers-Smith and of Mrs. John Potter, of Amesbury School, Hindhead, Surrey, married Miss Patricia Charlotte Cox, daughter of Mr. Douglas Cox, of Timbers, Bowhead Green, Godalming, and the late Mrs. A. Cox at St. Martin-in-the-Fields*



Hadfield—Segal. *Mr. Jeremy Heywood Hadfield, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hadfield, of Barham Manor, Ipswich, married Maureen Segal, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Segal, Chester St., S.W.1*



Graham-Dixon—Villar. *Mr. Anthony Philip Graham-Dixon, younger son of Mr. L. C. Graham-Dixon, Q.C., and Mrs. Graham-Dixon, of Carlyle Square, London, S.W.3, married Miss Margaret Suzanne Villar, only daughter of the late Mr. E. H. Villar, and of Mrs. Villar, of Seaton Cliff, Heswall, Cheshire, at St. Margaret's, Westminster*

Dodge—Incedon-Webber. *Capt. David John Bigelow Dodge, Grenadier Guards, elder son of Col. and Mrs. John Bigelow Dodge, of Chester Row, Chester Square, S.W.1, married Miss Elizabeth Incedon-Webber, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. S. Incedon-Webber, of Princes Gate Court, S.W.7, at the Brompton Oratory*

Surprise your guests with an

Evening à la Française

says

Constance Osborn.



The next time you have a few friends to dinner, why not follow the example of Lady Osborn. Entertain your guests with an evening à la Française: typically French food prepared and served the way they do it in Paris or Nice or Aix-en-Provence. Flan de Printemps, say, for the main course, together with wines and, of course, flowers for table decoration — the small touches that make eating on the Continent so much more exciting.

THAT CONTINENTAL FLAVOUR

The first course presents no problems. Soup served with buttered toast starts off a meal with just that right touch of piquancy. But here's a tip. Don't try to compete with Maggi for soups. Maggi Soups are made from exclusive Continental recipes, and they have that real Continental flavour to distinction.



TEN EXCITING VARIETIES

There are ten varieties of Maggi Soup, and each one is different, deliciously different, from any other soup you have ever tasted. That

explains why Maggi is one of the best kept secrets of many celebrated chefs.



Another thing about Maggi Soups—they are so simple to prepare. You just add the contents of a 1/6d. packet to boiling water, bring to the boil, and simmer for some minutes. Voilà—all the goodness, all the natural flavour that ordinarily comes with six to seven hours' slow simmering, captured and ready to serve in a matter of minutes, as only Maggi knows how. That means more time for the rest of the meal.

MAGGI EXTRA SOUPS

Bring the Continent into your kitchen

CAULIFLOWER • MUSHROOM • ONION • NOODLE SOUPMIX (CHICKEN FLAVOURED)
PEA WITH SMOKED HAM • CONSOMME WITH TURTLE MEAT • ASPARAGUS • JARDINIÈRE
BEEF AND CHICKEN BOUILLON

FLAN DE PRINTEMPS

Here is a recipe particularly popular all over France.

4 Cooked Lamb Chops
2 Hard Boiled Eggs
2 Medium Size Firm Tomatoes
4 Level Tablesp. Cooked Peas
Some Sprigs of Mint
½ pt. Maggi Aspic Jelly
flavoured with two sprigs of
mint, remove before using

For pastry: 6 oz. flour, 1 Box Maggi Green Pea and Ham Soup or Maggi Mushroom Soup. 5 oz. Lard or Vegetable cooking fat.

Rub fat into flour and Maggi Soup powder. Blend to make short crusty pastry with water or egg and water mixed. Roll out, line in a narrow shallow tin. Bake blind and cool. Cover bottom of pastry case with layer of aspic jelly—almost set—and overlap slices of tomato and hard boiled egg to divide flan case in four. Place Chop or trimmed centre part of meat on aspic. Follow with cooked

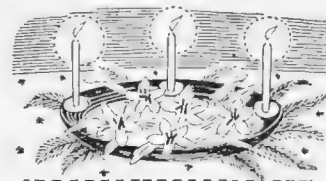
peas. Repeat until each piece of meat is decorated. Coat with rest of aspic jelly and leave until set. Garnish one end of each piece of meat with sprigs of mint.

ABOUT THE WINES

To give body to a fairly light main course like Flan de Printemps, try a red Burgundy—a Nuits St. George or a Beaune, or if you prefer Claret, a St. Emilion or St. Julien.

YOUR TABLE DECOR

Finally a word about your dinner table. Make its decoration lively—but not too overpowering. A small basket covered with frilly gingham and filled with small flowers makes a pleasing centre-piece.



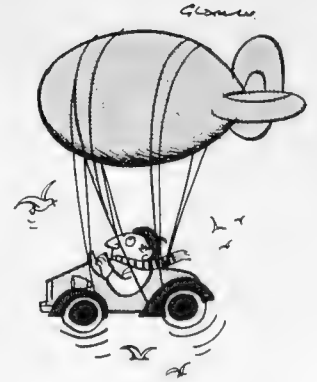
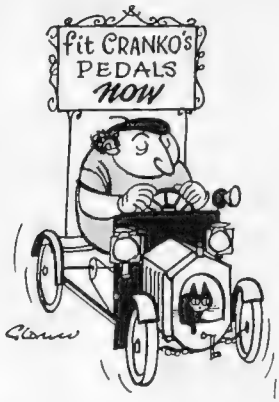
MAGGI HOSTESS BOOK. Why not write to Dept. M412, The Nestlé Co. Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex, for the new 'Maggi Hostess Book'. Attractively illustrated, this book is full of exciting suggestions that make a Continental evening no problem in England at all. There are Maggi ideas for savouries and garnishes, for main meals, light luncheons, after-theatre and television parties. And a host of invaluable tips on wines and table decoration has also been compiled to give your parties a delightfully authentic note, to make them a 'succès fou'.



Motoring

STARVATION DIET WARNING

Oliver Stewart



A GOOD deal has been said during the past few weeks (and I have said some of it in these columns) about methods for economizing fuel. It has been proved that, primarily by adapting driving technique, and without any major modification to the car, the mileage that can be obtained from a gallon of fuel can be doubled. But there is another side to all this: these remarkable fuel consumption figures take their toll, and not only in the patience and vigilance of the driver. What is saved on fuel must, to some extent, be spent on other things.

The driving methods that have been adopted by those who have obtained the best figures—and their results are amazing—are not good for the car and its equipment. The principle of going the greatest distance for the fewest engine revs, for example, is against the teaching of the ages.

Instructors have always emphasized that their pupils must not allow the engine to labour on a hill; they must change down early. They have encouraged a good build-up of speed in each gear during acceleration. They have deprecated coasting and positively forbidden switching off the engine while coasting. And chassis builders and coachwork makers have combined in pleading that tyre pressures should not be raised above that recommended in the instruction book.

THESE recommendations must now be laid aside by those who have to squeeze all the mileage they can out of their ration of fuel. And the car will *not* be amused. Tyre life may go up; but engine life may go down and the load on the electrical equipment will be increased. Already, as winter descends upon us, that load is heavy. And the unfortunate thing is, that restricted use of the car tends to increase the load rather than diminish it.

An engine that has been left for a long period, until the cold has penetrated, makes a big demand on the battery for starting. And a car that is used—as some undoubtedly will be used from now on—for brief trips, morning and evening, to and from a railway station can never be really healthy. The battery has the starting discharge from cold, but the journey is not sufficiently long to build up the charge again and to get the engine turning over easily and at optimum temperature. Batteries do not like it. Cylinder bores do not like it.

I would say that a car runs at its best, and that the electrical equipment is most likely to give good service, at an average mileage of about 15,000 to 20,000 a year, though all will be well down to 7,000 or 8,000. Below that conditions become unfavourable to long engine life (relative to miles covered) or satisfactory working of the electrical equipment.

Of course something can be done to fit the car for low annual mileages. The oil used must be of the lightest. The Wakefield people have been calling attention to the virtues of their Castrolite at this time of year, and their words should be heeded by those who are trying to eke out the basic ration to the best advantage.

IN addition there is the mains charger, which will keep the battery in condition even when the generator running time has dropped. And it is possible to fiddle about with the electrical system so as to give it larger margins to cope with the special conditions of minimum road use of the car and of economical driving methods. A heavy duty battery can be fitted. To those accustomed to the worries caused by the narrow margins of much standard electrical equipment, a heavy duty battery is a positive joy. But the charging arrangements must be suitable. It is no good simply changing the battery without seeing that the charging rate is appropriate.

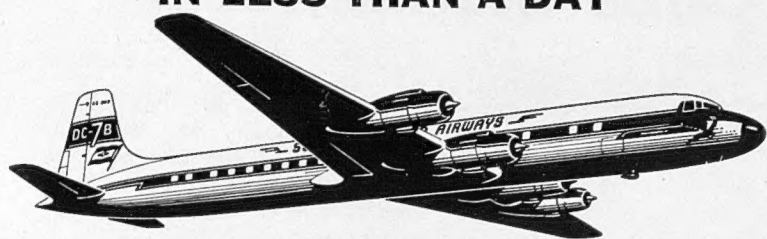
But if the whole thing is correctly done, the car owner finds that the starter will crank the engine vigorously on the coldest morning and after the longest standing period; that the headlights do not begin to dim even on the longest run and with all other electrical equipment working.

I speak here with some knowledge because I have fitted a heavy duty Oldham in place of the standard battery in my car. The special Oldham is a massive battery, such as is normally seen in lorries. It has given the electrical equipment a new lease of life. I selected this make of battery because some years ago battery trouble was reported to me by a reader of these notes and I put him in touch with Oldham. The company took endless trouble to ensure that his problems were sorted out—a thing for which I am sorry to say I have not, until now, thanked them.



NEW MERCEDES FLYER. The speedy and beautiful Mercedes 300 S.L. is to appear in the spring as the roadster seen here. It will be equipped with a six-cylinder injection engine, and will be publicly shown for the first time at the important Geneva Motor Show in March

LONDON—JOHANNESBURG IN LESS THAN A DAY



NEW WEEKLY STANDARD SERVICE BY DC-7B

Leaving London at 4 p.m. every
Wednesday, arriving Johannesburg
just 20 hours later. Only one stop
of 60 minutes en route.



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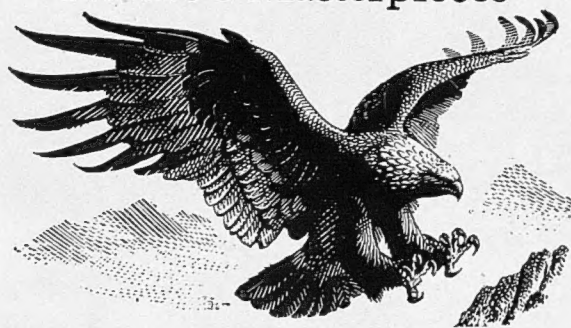
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Ivon de Wynter

NEGRI, manager of Martinez Spanish Restaurant, was born in Madrid. He started his career in Rome, and in 1912 went to the Ritz in Piccadilly, followed by terms at the Savoy and Carlton. He has been at Martinez, in Swallow Street, W.1, since 1939

DINING OUT

The prune grows up

QUITE the most sensible Christmas card I received this year was from John Stais, proprietor of that famous and fashionable restaurant, the White Tower in Percy Street, which not only wished you Happy Holiday Feasting, but suggested just what you should have for your Christmas breakfast, lunch and dinner, giving recipes for the various specialities recommended for each meal.

I couldn't help feeling that he must have assumed that I had received a large rebate from the Income Tax authorities because lunch started off with stuffed mushrooms followed by a lobster and caviar cocktail, then to roast goose with mashed potato stuffing and a prune garnish (which alone has to be made by soaking big fat prunes in brandy overnight, removing their stones and replacing them with almonds, finally wrapping them in bacon and broiling until the bacon is crisp) and a chestnut purée; whereas when we come to dinner he suggested among other things, creamed oysters and mushrooms and a baked Virginia ham. On New Year's Day, to help you recover he suggested preparing a punch by adding half a cup of rum and half a cup of brandy to a quart of very cold milk; it did me a power of good.

THE last two lines of a jingle I recorded in this column in the middle of August went: "The latest news from out of town, The Crown at Chertsey's tumbling down," and went on to describe how I found the new licensee, a Mr. Joe Woodruff, standing among a mass of debris in a state of despair. "Come back in two months," he said, "and see what's happened." "No," I replied, "you tell me when it's happened and I'll turn up again," and this was how I received an invitation to a party at The Crown four months later.

What a party it was! "Don't spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar" seems to have been translated by George Short and Joe Woodruff, directors of the company who have taken over the hotel, into "Don't spoil The Crown for a few sacks of gold." They must have spent a fortune.

They have produced a smart establishment which would grace Mayfair itself, managed by Victor Camara, who has had considerable experience in the West End, including five years at Hatchett's as head waiter, with first-class cuisine by a first-class chef, John Wootton, one of the successful products of the Westminster Technical College. The wine list is comprehensive, well chosen and reasonable in price.

The dark clouds of petrol rationing having descended upon us, The Crown should be a godsend to people in the area who like to wine, dine and entertain outside their homes.

The party was conducted in a manner "regardless." The moment one stepped into the hall one was greeted with a glass of champagne; and the cold buffet might have been a prize exhibit at some culinary exhibition. Its quality was so obvious to the appreciative guests that it disappeared like an atomic flash.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Using the oven

FOR greatly occupied career women and, for that matter, men who like to cook (and a great many do), there are two kinds of cooking which make little demand on their time. The first is minute cooking in a frying-pan and the second many hours cooking in a casserole. There is grilling, too, of course, but I shall ignore it for this once.

Cooking in a frying-pan is very quickly done, but it calls for thin "French cuts" of meat and, therefore, you have either to find an English butchery like Harrods where you can get "Continental cuts" or go to a Continental butcher in your own vicinity. (There is likely to be one within easy travelling distance.) You cannot expect a butcher, whose customers are mainly British and who cook only in the British way, to bone a whole sirloin of beef so that you may have the entrecôte and fillet. It would never pay him. And it is not customary for the average British butcher to cut leg veal into escalopes.

When you go to your favourite restaurant and order, say, *Escalope de Veau à la Crème aux Champignons* or *Steak Diane* or *Entrecôte au Poivre*, do realize that, with the right cuts of meat, confidence and a little practice, you can perform just as efficiently as the head waiter who prepares the dish for you at table. What matters is the special cut of meat—and speed.

But casserole dishes are another thing. Once they are in the oven, they require little or no attention on our part. They can be left for hours to "cook themselves." Or we can prepare them the day before we require them and, very often, they are better when re-heated.

For the career woman or any woman who spends much time away from home, the most satisfactory method of cooking, these days, is in an automatic oven. Before leaving home, she can place a casserole or other oven-dish in it, set the timing device for the hour when the cooking is to begin and the hour when it must terminate, and go off with a perfectly free mind. At the right moment, the oven will switch itself on and, at the equally right moment, switch itself off. As you can buy these cookers on the "never-never," without purchase tax, it seems to me that one of them is an excellent investment for a busy woman.

WHETHER you want to cook for a party or for yourself with no automatic cooker choose dishes which are better, re-heated, the day after they are made. For this kind of weather, one of the best of them is Ox-tail Casserole. The butcher will joint the tail for you.

From the thick end, trim off as much fat as possible and melt it in the casserole. (If you have not an enamelled iron casserole, do try to get one because you can first fry and then slowly cook anything in it and it can be used both in the oven and on the hob.) Well wash, drain and dry the tail pieces, then fry them in the fat obtained, together with a sliced onion and chopped carrot, until a warm gold all over.

Pour off all the fat you can. Sprinkle in a tablespoon of flour and brown it, then pour in a quarter of a pint of ordinary red wine and enough water to cover the meat. Add a *bouquet garni*, a finely chopped clove of garlic, two tablespoons of tubed tomato purée, a little salt and freshly milled pepper. Cover tightly and place in a slow oven (300 to

325 deg. F., or gas mark 1 to 2). If your oven tends to run a little on the hot side, use the lower temperature, because the meat should simmer, not boil. The dish can remain in the oven for five to six hours.

Leave to become cold, then lift off the layer of fat. Re-heat slowly. Meanwhile, cook carrots to your requirements, a trace of white turnip and a dozen or so small onions for half an hour in the minimum of water. Add them to the ox-tail and leave together for a few minutes.

To make full use of the oven when the ox-tail first goes into it, I plan two other things—veal bones for stock, for instance, and a pot of Boston Baked Beans, from a cherished old New England recipe.

—Helen Burke



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